

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

A NEW GOLD SCHEME.

If all the gold mines of the Klondike region, including all that may hereafter be discovered, were owned by a single company, and if that corporation could then obtain full control of the entire Transvaal field, the gold mines of all Australia, and every inch of gold-producing territory in the United States, its position in the bullion market would still be weak and insignificant in comparison with that which awaits the stockholders of a corporation just organized in New England, and incorporated in Maine, provided that the claims of its officers can be verified.

The first imaginary mining monopoly might have \$200,000,000 of gold to market every year. Its entire gold deposits would perhaps be worth \$5,000,000,000 net. Such figures are staggering enough, but what do they amount to when weighed against the gold of the seas? That is what the New Englanders are after, and that is what they claim to be able to get without undue expense. They hope to take out of the water of the ocean the gold which it holds in solution, in combination with other elements. This gold amounts to three or four cents' worth in every ton of sea water. By the use of an electric process invented by a Connecticut inventor, it is said, this gold can be had at a cost far below its market value. Beyond these statements the plans of the company are not made public.

The results of any such discovery in the line of gold getting would be far beyond the comprehension of minds untrained to deal with much more ordinary figures. At three cents a ton the water of the ocean contains so much gold that all the product of all the gold mines that have ever been opened since the first grain of yellow metal was used by man seems absurdly small by contrast. The water in a little square of the Atlantic Ocean, say only 100 miles on a side and a mile deep, would yield the truly stunning sum of one thousand four hundred and seventy-one billion dollars, in round figures. In other terms there would be about \$1,000 in gold for every man, woman and child on earth. So small a part of the Atlantic would yield about 300 times as much gold as all the money of the world contains, and including the stores of the precious forms, the total possessions of mankind do not much exceed one-half of one per cent of the gold in a portion of the sea so small that it would be little more than a mere point on the surface of the world.

The Cleveland Leader thinks that it is hardly necessary to multiply illustrations of this kind until after the New Englanders who are after the gold in the sea show that they are not pursuing the pot at the foot of the rainbow. Enough facts have been given to make clear the littleness of all possible Klondikes in comparison with the bewildering magnitude of the treasure held fast by the ocean. It may be that chemistry is yet to render all the struggles and achievements of the gold seekers who look for wealth on dry land or in the beds of streams poor and idle child's play.

IS ENGLAND DECLINING?

For a generation or more England has been taking her little wars in remote parts of the world so seriously that every account of a fight in which a few British soldiers are killed lends color to the view so common in continental Europe that the English people have drifted far away from their old warlike ways and have reached a stage of national development extremely adverse to real warfare on a grand scale. It is argued that if the loss of half a company in India hurts the comfortable British nation so sorely, a battle worthy of the name, in which thousands of men must fall, would so shock England that peace would be sought at almost any price.

Moreover, it is argued on the continent that British soldiers are so accustomed to meeting barbarians easy to defeat that they would be stunned, so to speak, by the weight of an attack from first-class troops. As to this, however, it is only reasonable to say that the history of Europe does not tend to justify such expectations. British wars for a long time before the conflict with Russia in the Crimea, had been small and easy affairs, but the quality of the soldiers of the United Kingdom did not seem to have been much affected by the lack of hard work.

The first suggestion of national unfitness for war is more worthy of consideration. It certainly seems to be true that the comparatively trivial work of the British army in various parts of the world, for many years past, has been taken altogether too seriously in England, for a great power aspiring to military strength and prestige. In the present troubles on the frontier of India the repulse of a few hundred soldiers with the loss of forty or fifty men, mostly wounded, is treated by the British press as if it were a great matter, and the British nation evidently regards such fighting as a formidable price to pay for vast conquests and world-wide possessions. How would a people so sensitive to punishment in the field endure the loss of 10,000 or 20,000 men in a single great battle?

COINCIDENCE OF POLITICS.

It is amusing to see the way the opponents of protection try to account for the general improvement in the times. Some of them say it is due to the scarcity of the wheat crop abroad and the consequent increased demand for American products. Others claim that the improvement is only a temporary affair, anyway, due to depletion of manufactured products and the necessity for stocking up again. And so with one explanation or another these opponents of the protective tariff system try to make themselves believe either that

prosperity has not yet come in sight, or if in sight, that it will not be there very long.

The author of the Dingley bill calls attention to the repeated coincidence between the protective policy and prosperity, and between the overthrow of that policy and adversity. The point is well taken. Every time that congress has made a general assault upon the tariff system, the business of this country has suffered. Every time congress has established a protective system and maintained a liberal policy toward American industries, business has prospered. That coincidence is too marked and too regular to be explained away by the free traders. At this very time the currency question is no more settled than it was prior to the election a year ago. The silver question is not dead, and its agitators are very much alive. And yet immediately following the enforcement of the new tariff law, signs of prosperity are seen throughout the land. Almost every day brings reports of an advance in wages. The record of failures week by week is decreasing. The financial pulse of the country is steeper, and the coincidence between this returning prosperity and the enactment of a strong tariff law again proves that they stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

RESUBMISSION AGAIN.

Another resubmission league has been started in Kansas, this time at Fort Scott, by bona fide business men. Part of the citizens of the state believe that Prohibition is a good thing. Part believe it is a bad thing. A long trial has demonstrated that the law is a fraud. It is openly and universally violated. Its open disregard has forced the believer in Prohibition to the extreme position that even if the sale of liquor can not be prohibited, Prohibition does succeed in putting it in the disrepute of being against the law.

Eventually the law must go. It was adopted by a small majority, with thousands of people not voting on the question at the time at all. If it should ever be resubmitted Prohibition would be knocked sky-high and out forever. The one difficulty is to get it resubmitted. The latest resubmission league may not attain this end. But the effort to have it resubmitted will continue and some day a legislature, made up of legislators who are not afraid to take a position on this subject, will give the people another vote on this question.

That revolution in the spunk of the average Kansas legislator who has no hesitancy in filling up personally, but who is oratorically a great friend of Prohibition, will be accomplished through the efforts of the Kansas business men, and through him only. The organization must be primarily in the hands of business men, and business men who are able to detect the guile of politicians, and having detected it, be able to resist any and all the schemes by which politicians have hitherto manipulated resubmission movements to their own private and partisan interests. The business men of cities of the first class, not only, must be interested, but the business men of other cities and towns as well.

Judge Foster says he thinks that in six months Mrs. Duggs will make a good librarian.

Spain is ready to collapse and some day it will go to pieces like a Kansas school book.

This evening Mr. Goldard and Mr. Sharkey will start out on a thorough search for each other's solar plexuses.

A Kansas man has bobbed up who claims to be a distant relative of Andrew's. He is certainly distant enough.

Only about 400 Greeks were killed in the late war, and probably a great many of these died from exhaustion after the retreat.

The way for the Canadians to settle all border troubles with Uncle Sam is to come into the Union and wipe out the border entirely.

It has become the fashion for relatives unremembered in wills to regard death upon the part of a rich man as unmistakable evidence of mental collapse.

About three-fourths of the people have an idea that when they get rich and have the time they will sit down and find out what the real difficulty is all about.

Chauncey Depew has refused to be elected president of a Republican club. Depew has a large sore spot that he rubs with a pick-axe to keep in good repair.

While Mrs. Walkup did not poison her latest husband, she ought to assign as a professional widow. It throws an atmosphere of unpleasant suspicion about her.

As soon as the resubmission campaign in Kansas is again opened the factions should lose no time in politically calling each other "hypocrites" and "whisky bloats."

It is with pained surprise and chagrin that we notice that among the business men of Fort Scott who are calling the Resubmissionist cohorts together there is not a single druggist.

Bob Ingersoll says this nation is no more in danger of an invasion of Spangars than it is of Esquimaux. Incidentally it may be remarked that it will be a cold day when Esquimaux invade this country.

Populists who have been weeping tears for India and her famine will find with keen joy that their beloved India was the very nation which would not allow international humanitarianism to be consummated.

Germany feels inclined to send a warship to Hayti to demand reparation for some fancied insult. Some of these days bumpkins Billy, der Deutsche konig, will start a bill to rolling that he will never catch.

A sea captain and his men, Americans, have just been murdered by a tribe of Indians on an island in the Gulf of Mexico. Our obliging consul sends the comforting word that the murderers are handsome men. It is perhaps really a luxury to be killed by a good-looking man.

Tale of a Deserter.

(From Chambers' Journal. In Four Parts.)

PART I.

The proud Tecumseh had called his red brothers to time. The voice of the prophet of the voice of the added interest of the reds through the land had stirred denunciations, and foretold the doom of the invader of the red man's territory, the exterminator of the red man's race. Everywhere throughout the Gulf region the dogs of war were loose, and two races were savagely at one another's throats. Hamlets burned; villages, abandoned, fell in ruins; white men, horribly tortured, suffered at the stake; red men fell in their thousands; bayoneted, bludgeoned, until at last the fury of the unequal contest slackened, and the Indians, broken and despairing, their trusted leaders slain or captive, laid down their arms and swung sullenly from the land of their fathers. It was early in the morning of a fine day, with his little army of Georgian volunteers and 400 friendly Indians, took up his position on the heights above the swamps of the Chilabee in Alabama. It was supposed that a large force of Creek warriors lurking in the vicinity, though the keenest eyes among the scouts had hitherto failed to discover the exact whereabouts of the cunning foe. But Floyd was too good a soldier and too experienced an Indian war to be deceived by appearances; and, notwithstanding the outward calm, made most careful preparations against surprise. Pickets were doubled, patrols moved incessantly to and fro; and, a brief hour of sleep was all the watchful commander allowed himself to snatch.

Far away on the outermost line of sentries Amos Duerden stood on guard. Still as a statue, he leaned against the trunk of a great tree and peered into the thick darkness that surrounded him, or strained his ears to catch the faintest sound that might break the oppressive stillness. Bravest where all were brave, strong of muscle and stout of heart, there was no one in his army in whom Floyd reposed more confidence than in Amos Duerden; none who might be trusted so well to stand firm and do his duty, though death came to him in the doing. For Amos, it was said, had been selected for this lonely outpost, the most dangerous of all, where his firmness and knowledge of the country would stand the white men in good stead against the craft of the cunning Indian.

Yet were the thoughts of Amos not altogether with the army. Twenty miles not to the northwest lay a little village, never destined to attain to the dignity of a town, where the picturesque Indian name Whispering Pines, which this Duerden's heart turned as he kept his watch; for there, waiting until the war should be over, waiting in fear and trembling for her lover's safety, lived Agnes Brotherton, his wife that waited for him in the General's house. No wonder Amos was anxious, for rumor had it that Whispering Pines was in the track of the Creek advance, and if that were so—He put the thought from him as one too horrid to be entertained.

Away to his right, a broken, murmuring mysteriously, rolled through the blackness, but save for that lumbering sound, all was still. Ahead, behind, in front, all around was inky black; but above, through the dark, the stars shone down, and he looked down upon the watcher, and ever and anon, one fell, streaming like a signal-rocket athwart the sky.

"This monstrous dark here," thought Amos, straightening his tall form, and grasping his musket firmly at the butt of a twig snapping somewhere away to the left. "A man might be slain here as he knew he was attacked." Then, as silence reigned once more, "I trust all is well with them at Whispering Pines. If Agnes and her mother had but followed my advice and moved north out of this accursed country, I should have no fear. As it is—"

Again a twig snapped suddenly—this time at his very feet; and, almost before he could recall his straggling thoughts, a dark form rose swiftly from the ground, and a hand was laid lightly upon his lips.

"Steady!" breathed a voice in his ear, so low that he could scarcely catch the articulate words. "Steady! All's well! I'm Rivington. Who are you?" Before Amos could reply the man went on: "The red-skins are coming on in force. They are not much more than five miles away. They have swept through Whispering Pines, and cleaned out the village. Not a soul left, I'm told. But they brought away some women prisoners. Agnes Brotherton is one of them. If you see Duerden, tell him to let the General know. I think they'll attack about day-break."

He dropped to the ground, and glided away, while for an instant Amos drew himself up against his tree, stiff with horror. There could be no mistake; Mark Rivington was too careful a scout for that, and he was an old friend of Duerden's, too. Hence his anxiety to impart his faithful news to the first man he met. And the gray was but five miles away, and the camp was in the hands of the enemy. What of that? What was that to him? Agnes! Agnes was in the hands of the brutal redskins. Rivington had heard that, and yet had come running to save her. In the bitterness of his grief and dismay Amos cursed the friend who, not recognizing him in the dark, had imparted the grievous news.

As these wild thoughts coursed through his brain, yet another sound, close to his ear, startled him. No rushing branch nor snapping twig this time, but a dull, smothering sound, a low moan, and silence. Then a sudden rustle, a swift, a sharp thud as a keen blade cut through the air, and he buried in the trunk of a tree an inch from his face, and Amos found himself hugged against the brawny chest of a gray-skinned, whose hot breath panted against his cheek, and who strove mightily to bring him to the ground. His musket dropped to the ground at the shock; but with a twist Amos freed his left arm and drove his knife deep into the throat of his assailant, who sank with a gurgling sob to the ground.

"One!" muttered Amos, grimly, and waited for the next. But none came and presently he became aware that, whatever his purpose, the Indian had been alone. Then he dashed upon him—"Rivington! The redskins are after him. The spy had been spied upon. Mark, where is he?"

Cautionally he moved in the direction of that first ominous sound. Not far, for ere he had gone a dozen paces his foot struck against something soft and yielding. He stopped, down, groping, and his hand touched the body of a man. He felt for the face, and drew back his hand with something warm, and he was aware. His friend, Mark Rivington, cold and trusty scout, lay dead before him, slain by one more crafty than himself.

One moment Amos spared to lament his lost comrade, and then he sprang to his feet, rummaging the dead man's last message. Women prisoners had been reported off. Agnes was in the Creek camp. Even now she might be—He thrust the thought from him and sped with swift, silent steps in the direction indicated by poor Rivington at the position of the foe.

Kingman Journal: "A watch is a compass. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour hand and the figure XII on the dial. For instance, suppose it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating four to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose, again, that it is eight o'clock. Point the hand indicating eight to the sun and the X on the dial is due south."

Mrs. Ficker, who has just been rewarded by the Populist party, has no force. On the other hand, Mrs. Lease, who has always been snubbed by the Populist party, is the most forceful Populist in the United States, not a single solitary Populist man excepted.

Literary Kinships.

One of the most curious and interesting studies in the world of letters is the relationship of authors. When some new aspirant for literary honors appears in the field it lends an added interest if he or she bear an honored name, or is remotely related to some Nestor of the pen. Thus our interest in Mrs. Humphrey Ward is intensified when we learn that she is the niece of Edward Arnold, and our belief in her literary strength is strengthened when we recall the fact that the apostle of sweetness and light was in turn the son of old r. Arnold, of Rugby fame.

One readily recalls many striking instances of this hereditary literary relationship of authors, as for example the Brontë sisters, all three remarkable writers, and two of the trio brilliant novelists; and in our own America we have two famous sisters—authors, Phoebe and Anne Cary, while in France the de Goncourt brothers long stood pre-eminent in the literary world. In England again we recall Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the latter a really clever writer, though overshadowed by Anthony's fame.

Famous brother and sister authors we know, too, as Charles and Mary Lamb, and the matchless Danie and Babriel Roettzi; there are also many instances of distant descent of genius from father to son, as of Samuel Taylor Colridge and Hartley Colridge, though the fame of the latter, as one of the most exquisite sonnet writers in the English language, pales beside that of his brilliant brother's creative genius.

Dumas pere and Dumas fils come next to our minds and difficult, indeed, would it be to decide which of the two creations, the Count of Monte Cristo or the last of the Mohicans, is better known to the world at large. In French literature we again have Alphonse Daudet and his son Ernest, who, though by no means the peer of the author of "Sappho," gives brilliant promise for the future.

So, too, we have Lytton and his son Owen Meredith, the fame of whose "Lancelotti" at one time almost equaled that of the brilliant novelist, are again noted illustrations of direct hereditary literary talent, the elder, author of "The Sign of the Cross" and the student-author Benjamin, whose "Lethaere" set the literary world agog, scarce more than a generation ago.

Of direct inheritance of genius, or, perhaps, we had better say talent, from father to daughter we have several instances—that of Bronson Alcott and that most spontaneous of all girl-story-writers, Louisa M. Alcott; of Thackeray and his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie of William Dean Howells and his daughter, Mildred, a most promising young writer; of the statesman Necker and his thrice brilliant daughter, Madame de Stael; of Charles Dickens and his daughter Mary, who showed decided literary ability; and last Bryan Walker-Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall, and his poetess daughter, Adelaide Anne Proctor.

There are rarer instances of several members of one family who inherited talent, but we need not multiply them. Away to his right, a broken, murmuring mysteriously, rolled through the blackness, but save for that lumbering sound, all was still. Ahead, behind, in front, all around was inky black; but above, through the dark, the stars shone down, and he looked down upon the watcher, and ever and anon, one fell, streaming like a signal-rocket athwart the sky.

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Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Enterprise-Times of Perry has absorbed the Democrat.

El Reno can talk to Oklahoma City over a telephone inside of two weeks.

The Jalonic brick building at El Reno will be ready for occupancy December 1.

W. G. McDonald, of D county, sold 120 worth of cabbages over two acres this year.

The wild geese are crossing Oklahoma at present on their way south to winter resorts.

The triangle country, in eastern Oklahoma, is filling up rapidly with immigrants.

Albert Overman of Stillwater has been sent to Norman. He has gone crazy about quilts.

Marshall Thompson is going to work in a way that suggests that he ought to be nicknamed "Old Business."

The fellows who attempt to overrun the Wichita mountains may do it, but they will have a lively time of it.

The Rock Island ran a homeseekers' excursion into Oklahoma, yesterday.

The next one will come on December 7.

Sheriff J. B. Nicholas of Custer county wants to be a deputy marshal. Nicholas is easily the bravest man in the territory.

It is current rumor that if Oklahoma is made a state Governor Barnes will do all in his power not to serve out his full term.

County Treasurer Evans of El Reno opened a delinquent tax sale the other morning and his lands went like hot cakes.

Oklahoma City Times-Journal: The sale of wheat in this city have reached 750,000 bushels, with only 40 per cent of the crop marketed.

The people at Pawnee who lost through Berry's bank failure are not weeping any sentimental tears over Berry's trip to the penitentiary.

W. G. McDonald, Mc the Only of Tahoma, has presented a pumpkin weighing 20 pounds to Governor Shoy and his twin to Bill Graves.

El Reno has contracted for electric lights at the rate of \$9 per month per acre.

The contract to run seven years, moonlight nights excepted.

The report that Major Woodson's accounts were not right was a fake. An examination has been made and everything found to be all right.

The Indian appears to have found his natural vocation in the packing of cotton. Hereafter an Indian may not have to be dead to be moderately good.

When an El Reno man feels a little blue he goes out and looks at that cotton compress and the Rock Island switch engine and is at once contented.

Build a wave. The editor gave the Wave very little attention today, being busy fixing up the house for the reception of the family, who are expected tonight.

The miners in the Wichita country are forever claiming that they have just sent samples of ore to the assayer. But no miner has ever yet displayed an assayer's certificate showing any gold or silver. Such a document would be novel and interesting.

At Hennessey the following were selected to represent the association at the annual meeting of the National Editorial association in Denver: Lon Taylor, H. B. Chittenden, F. E. Miller, L. G. Niblack, J. L. Rickford, J. W. Bishop, Lincoln McKinley, S. L. Stewart, and E. N. Yates. The executive committee was empowered to name alternates and to fill all vacancies.

The editors at Hennessey "Resolved, That we recommend to the press of Oklahoma the practice of recognizing that part of Oklahoma along the eastern line of the Santa Fe and contiguous thereto as the 'East Side'; that the part of the territory along the line of the Rock Island railroad and contiguous thereto be referred to as the 'Middle Section'; and that that part of the territory along the line of the Santa Fe be known as the 'West Side.'"

Southern Kansas Business Men. Blushee & Scott, grocers, of Hutchinson, are invoicing their stock.

Price, Hope & Co., of Wellington, held a big line sale yesterday.

H. F. Toews & Co., of Newton, use this line: "Christmas goods are here and coming."

If you have price tags in your window display get the tags printed, and printed neatly.

Jacob Engle of Wellington is making a big effort to close out his silk and woollen remnants.

A. Barnum & Co., of Newton, assert that their November sales of clothing have exceeded all past records.

Richardson & Co., dry goods, are putting out some handsome advertisements with price quotations prominent.

Conrad, of Newton, has inaugurated a coupon scheme which he is advertising. The prizes he offers are graphophones.

F. B. Snyder of Wellington, a druggist, says: "A crazy man is a dangerous person. So is the druggist who isn't careful and accurate."

Wm. Crank & Co., dry goods, of Hutchinson, have branched out into a campaign of advertising, which they are rendering effective by frequent changes.

John Wannamaker says: "I used to spend a great deal of money in posters and bills, but I gave that up long ago. Newspaper advertising is by far the best."

John Wannamaker pays the editor of his advertisements \$2,000 a year. That is too much, it makes no difference whether John Wannamaker pays it or somebody else.

Be liberal with your space. Tell the people something or other outside of your business. One Kansas advertiser tells the people each day just how many days it is until Christmas.

Irvin & Brown of Hutchinson, who are increasing the size of their advertisements which is fine evidence of their claims, say: "Our dress goods department has gained a reputation."

A Kansas advertiser in speaking of his clothes says that if any one has the courage to come and look at his stock she can make up her mind that she can not get away without buying one.

H. Snyder, builder at Hutchinson, who writes to many original advertisements, has wrought this: "Do you know you can sell a house Snyder builds for more dollars than one built by any other builder in town?"

"Wash your stove with clean, warm water before it is baked," says a good housekeeper, "and it is very easy to wash it over night with strong soap water." A little sugar or molasses in the blacking will make it stick.

The biggest mistake an advertiser can make is to do a lot of profitable advertising and then stop because "things are coming my way now." A miracle, who would pedal hard for a block and then quit with the idea that his bicycle would carry him along, would never get home.

One is often discouraged when the fare that have been paid away for a season are unpacked, because they have an unattractive appearance. To remedy this case, scrub as hot as the hand can bear it, rub it into the fur, beat the fur lightly with a small switch, and then brush the fur with a rather stiff brush. The appearance of the fur will be greatly improved by this treatment.

Clem Sprague of Wellington announces a special sale with the following force and earnestness: "Everybody knows that clothing goods of every description are rapidly rising in price, but like the important

McNamara & Co.

GEO. INNES & CO., Successors.

Fascinators

Our thirty dozen black and white ice wool Fascinators go on sale today at the fascinating prices of 23c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.43. These are beauties and just the thing for light headwear.

We can please you in Jackets. The largest stock of the latest ideas in Jackets and Capes.

123, 125 and 127 N. Main St.

Scottish Rite

...Masons

are requested to inspect our large assortment of

Rings and Charms

We have emblems suited to those who are Knights Templars as well as those who take the Scottish Rite degrees from the blue lodge.

Our stock is large; designs correct and prices low. Engraving without charge.

EDWARD VAIL & CO. JEWELERS.

106 E. Douglas Avenue. Wichita, Kansas.

